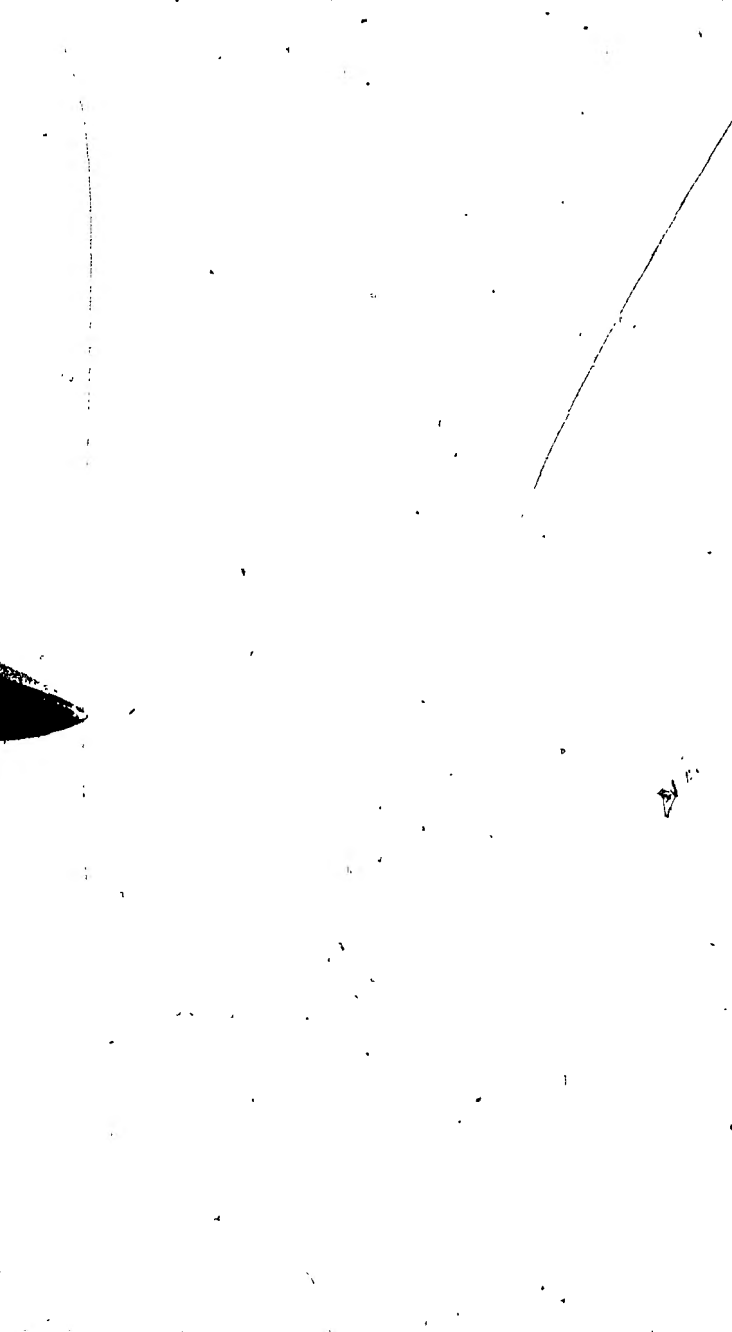




**RED RIVER
REMINISCENCES
and POEMS**

 **ALEX. H. SUTHERLAND**





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"Historical Sketches and Essays"

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SEVEN OAKS

The prairie shone as one vast burnished shield
 Beneath a brazen and unyielding sun.
The little band that rashly took the field
 Stood hesitant, outnumbered four to one.
The while the crafty foe in cruel pride
Advanced his savage ranks on either side.

What bloodless demon from the nether hell
 Gloated amid that hideous painted throng?
The sudden slaughter, the faked Indian yell,
 The reeking tomahawk and vaunting song,
The quivering scalp torn from the sinking head,
And that weird dance amidst the ghastly dead.

God's mercy on the hapless settler now,
 Shrinking behind the slender palisade,
Before a ruthless foe compelled to bow,
 His steadfast heart alone still unafraid,
His home thrice burned, again in bitter stress,
He braves the terrors of the wilderness.

Ah! little stone, to future ages tell
 What dire distress our fathers suffered here—
The unrelenting scourges that befell
 Their unbowed wills, scornful of death or fear.
Shall sons of dauntless sires such as these
Dread the worst pangs of future destinies.

Theirs were the nobler virtues, sweet and pure,
 Of souls who felt the sacrificial flame;
Ours the inspiration to endure,
 That springs anew at mention of their name.
This little shrine, where they poured out their blood,
Shall be the symbol of our nationhood.

RED RIVER REMINISCENCES

The present depression, with its problem of unemployment, recalls to mind the difficulties and distress under which our pioneering forefathers labored in the opening up of the prairie country to settlement.

Wheat was not even 25c a bushel nor meat 15c a pound, and it would have meant little to them if they had been, as they had none to sell.

Recently I listened patiently to the story of one man, who complained bitterly of having to haul his produce forty miles to market and recalled to mind a grandfather who was obliged to make the round journey from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to St. Paul, Minnesota, nearly 2,500 miles by slow-moving ox-train to obtain certain necessities. The journey, with an unavoidable stop-over at Old Kildonan each winter, occupied only some fourteen months, so could not be made annually.

These hardy pioneers made every article of their apparel, built stone churches and schools which endure to this day, their homes, barns, wagons, boats and windmills, and by the use of the common garden hoe and rake tilled their little plots of ground, and with sickle and scythe, barley-block and netherstone, turned their scanty crops into meal.

Their homes had been burned over their heads in their native land and twice on the banks of the Red the same fate overtook them. At the first invasion of their settlement by the agents of the North West Fur Company one of their number was killed and every other man but one was wounded.

On the second occasion, when the massacre at Seven Oaks occurred, twenty-one were killed, their homes were burned, their meagre gardens and crops were trampled into the ground, their fences smashed down and every trace of their industry obliterated. They were driven away under threat of death to every man, woman or child should they dare to

return. Yet by their indomitable resolution they survived to establish a settlement that was the means of retaining a large proportion of Western Canada to the British Crown.

Twice were they driven away by floods and on several occasions their crops were completely destroyed by grasshoppers. Even I, as a lad, can recall these pests attracted from every point of the compass by the little fields of green grain, darkening the sun as they descended by the millions on their errand of destruction.



A VICIOUS DOG

In their wandering over the plains they had many strange and at times laughable adventures. I remember one yarn told by my father which amused me greatly at the time.

His next-door neighbor, a very cantankerous old chap, owned a fierce dog, which was a real menace to the neighborhood, but in fear of the owner, no one dared to make away with it. One fine morning, my father, on visiting his fox traps some miles distant, was surprised to find the vicious hound held securely in the steel spring. As it attacked him savagely when he attempted to free it, and he found that its leg had been broken by the trap, he thought it a merciful act as well as a good riddance to the community to dispatch it, which he did, burying the carcass in the loose snow. The following morning on passing his neighbor's home, he was surprised at the sight of the dog rushing out at him on three legs, naturally much more incensed than usual at the sight of his would-be murderer. Suppressing his mirth at his thoughtlessness in overlooking the remarkably restorative qualities of snow, he that evening made it a point to visit his aggrieved neighbor and listened with silent glee to his maledictions on the person who had misused his pet and his dire threats of reprisals when he could locate the guilty party.

DESPERATE STRAITS

One story I vividly recall, showing the desperate straits to which they were reduced during lean hunting and fishing seasons. It was that of a grandfather being compelled to keep his children in bed so that they would not be as hungry as if they were permitted to get up and play. He had returned empty-handed from his nets and his only means of providing a meal consisted in the possibility of catching a fish.



SIoux ON THE WAR-PATH

Another amusing anecdote concerning the adventures of these pioneers in the Scottish settlement on the banks of the Red was related to me by my father at his own expense:—

As a lad of some fourteen years he accompanied his father and older brothers on an expedition to St. Paul, Minnesota. They had, of course, never seen a railway and were quite curious as to how it would be built. The track had been crudely laid down without any grade and he was quite disgusted to learn that they had passed it in the early morning hours without having detected it.

But, to return to the main story:—The Sioux Indians were on the warpath. One morning during the return journey, a number of horses belonging to the settlers were missing. As they had been hobbled and tethered in the usual manner, the loss was put down to the foraging Indians. The younger men of the party were eager to take the remaining animals and go in search of those missing. This the older and more experienced men opposed, fearing the division of their small force and the possibility of ambush, which would make the destruction of the entire party a matter of easy accomplishment. Youth then, as always, was confident and eager for excitement, with the result that the younger men, over-riding

the advice of their elders, seized their mounts and set out on their quest. Late on in the afternoon a large party was seen approaching the camp, decked out in flaming colors, with feathers in their hair and all the accompaniment of warfare assumed by the Indian tribes. The carts were hastily drawn into a circle and what preparations possible made for defence. The attacking party commenced the usual Indian manoeuvre of circling the camp at a distance, firing their rifles and uttering the piercing war whoop. One of their riders then advanced with upraised rifle signalling for a parley, which was anticipated as a prelude to a demand to surrender. As he was advancing it was unanimously decided that this would not be entertained, as it would only result in a massacre, and a fight to a finish, even if hopeless, would be much more preferable.

The whole affair, however, turned out to be a hoax perpetrated by the younger men to get even with their cautious Scottish elders.

They had found the missing horses and leading these as far apart as possible behind their own mounts, had contrived to give the appearance of a fairly large number to their party. By turning their scarlet-lined French capotes inside out and decking their heads with feathers and hay they had been able to make up a very good imitation of Indians in war dress.

When the commotion had subsided, my father, who as I have stated, was a mere youth, was greatly elated to realize that in his excitement he had forgotten to become frightened and was secretly patting himself on the back to think that he had been principally concerned over the possible fate of his old father. Recollecting that he had loaded his gun hastily at the first alarm, he thought it advisable to recharge it more carefully.

Nine buckshots make a charge for a twelve-bore gun, so you may imagine his surprise on withdrawing eighteen pellets from one barrel and twenty-one from the other.

Just what would have happened had he attempted to fire off the charges it is difficult to say, but as he had naturally no offspring at his age, it is more than probable that this tale would have had to be related by some other than the writer.

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QUEEN'S ENGLISH

Those who were resident in Kildonan in the early seventies will recall an old Indian who went by the name of John Black, evidently nicknamed after the pioneer Presbyterian minister of that name.

At that time there had come to the district from London an English family, who had considerable means and who built a quite pretentious house on the prairie some ten or twelve miles north-west of Winnipeg.

They were very hospitable and no one, red or white, was ever turned from their door without offer of food and shelter. They had brought out considerable effects for the furnishing of their home and among other things possessed a Cockney accent that not even the rigors of the prairie winters could dint. Indeed, to the Highlanders on the banks of the Red, who cling to the early Pict and Saxon pronunciation, the dialect was as an unknown tongue.

Old John, who had been absent from the district for some months, was met on Main Street by an old-timer at the close of an unusually bitter winter, when the following conversation took place:—

"Hello John! Where have you been all winter?"

"Oh boy! John long way on plain, plenty muskrat, plenty beaver."

"Pretty cold out on plain John. How come you did not freeze?"

"Oh boy! John damn near starve, damn near freeze. Him come heap big house. Oh boy! good mans, good to old Indian. Him put John heap good table all cover with big white blanket jus like snow, plenty brade (bread), plenty cowbeef, plenty tea. Him put John nice fine bedroom, pretty, pretty blanket all on bed. John sleep like big Chief. In mornin' him give John plenty good brakefas, plenty good tea, plenty brade, plenty molasses. Oh him good mans, good to poor Indian, but, (sighing deeply) ah! ah! poor mans, poor mans, him try so hard for spik Ingleesh. Him no can do."



THE GREAT WHITE MOTHER SPEAKS

The following concerns John Matheson, father of the much revered Archbishop, and who was a police officer in the young colony.

The Indians in those early days were uniformly friendly to the settlers, but they simply could not bring themselves to work steadily for more than a day or two at a time.

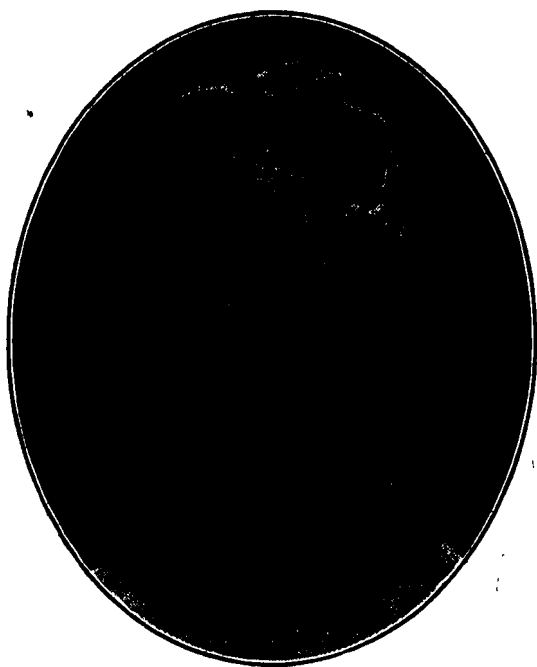
They had contracted a very annoying habit of accepting employment for a stated period and, under pretext of requiring money for the needs of their families, would draw their pay in advance and then desert their work. The Hudson's Bay Company, who were constantly suffering loss from this source, determined to put a stop to the practice, and for this purpose, issued warrants for the arrest of some nine Indians, who had contracted to convoy boats from Winnipeg to Norway House and had deserted some twenty miles north of the city. The warrants were handed to Matheson, who, knowing that the Indians belonged to a large encampment, demanded the services of a suitable body of men, and, in particular, of one Bruce, a noted athlete and scout, well versed in the wiles of the Redman.

Proceeding northward on the west banks of the Red, they met with a most unfortunate accident. Bruce, while kneeling to take a drink from the stream, unwittingly touched the trigger of his rifle, discharging the contents into his body and expiring instantly. Oppressed by this unfavorable omen, the party continued their march, only to find to their chagrin that the village was occupied only by squaws, children and the aged chief. Knowing the futility of attempting to locate the fugitives in the wooded country, Matheson fell back on his native ingenuity. Taking from his pocket an old letter, which happened by pure luck to be on his person, he proceeded to read therefrom very solemnly somewhat as follows:—"This is the paper of the Great White Mother. I command you John Matheson to bring to Fort Garry the nine bad Indians (here he read out their names) who have stolen money from the Hudson's Bay Company by taking same and not doing the work for which they were paid. Should these Indians not give themselves up to you, I command you to take in their stead their chief, who will receive their punishment." Waiting a few moments on the culprits, Matheson, with a great show of authority, ordered his men to take the chief into custody. He then proceeded hastily to the east side of the river, so as to frustrate any attempt at rescue, and lodged his captive in the most disreputable byre he could find, but discreetly permitted the messenger lads from the camp free access to their chief. The ruse succeeded admirably and Matheson was soon on his way back to the fort with his nine prisoners in tow, where a short prison sentence had the desired effect.

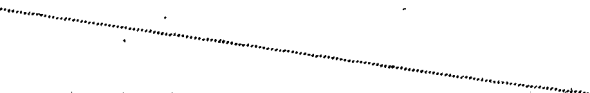


MANITOBA

But yesterday, a wild and nameless land,
She faced the future with uplifted head.
Today she marks with proudly scarred hand
The monuments of her historic dead.



LORD SELKIRK



MONUMENT PROPOSED TO LORD SELKIRK

Although considerable funds are held by The Lord Selkirk Association of Rupert's Land for the above purpose, definite action was still in abeyance at the time these lines were written.

Grey stone, who bearest on thy rising breast
Yon marble pillar, proudly reared on high,
When the fierce scourge of tyrants had oppressed,
How, like a beacon in the morning sky,
Was he, whose name thy noble front reveres
In silent tribute through the passing years.

How that great heart in rising anger burned
In scorn of danger and of gathering foes,
Swift in fierce wrath upon the tyrants turned,
Till Freedom 'neath his shield again arose,
And the torn peasant, on the trackless moor,
Regained again a hospitable door.

His was the splendor of the patriot's dream,
Though open courts to youth and fame allured,
One only purpose did he hold supreme,
To sterner virtues by his sires inured,
This was the inspiration of his song—
The ancient war of right on wrath and wrong.

Mourn not a Douglas fallen in his prime,
The heir of chivalry and high emprise,
A Celt inspired by an ideal sublime,
The light of other worlds within his eyes,
Grandeur and glory, misery and pain
Are not a measure in his immortal strain.

Ye fertile prairies, happy homes of peace,
Turn back the tablets of the circling years.
See o'er the waste of stormy northern seas
The tossing band of hardy pioneers.
Recall the toil, the trials and the slain
Ere fell the gates to your beloved domain.

And you, ye dusky tribes, whose fathers knew
And held in reverence "The Silver Chief,"
Ye mourn the passing order, while you view
From your lone isolation, filled with grief,
A changing world, devoid of those kind deeds
Wherein he met your ever varying needs.

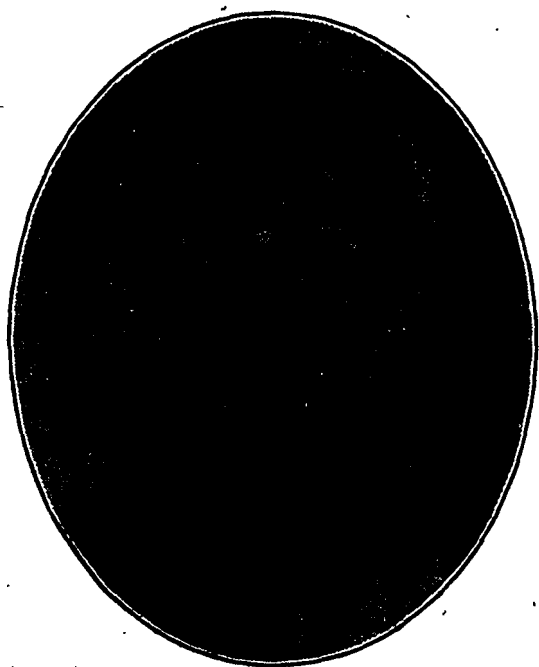
Britain, wherere thy banner is unfurled
O'er younger Britons born beyond the seas,
Fear not the challenge of the foemen hurled
In loud defiance. While heroic names like these
Inspire thy sons, thy fame shall stand secure
As long as Selkirk's memory shall endure.



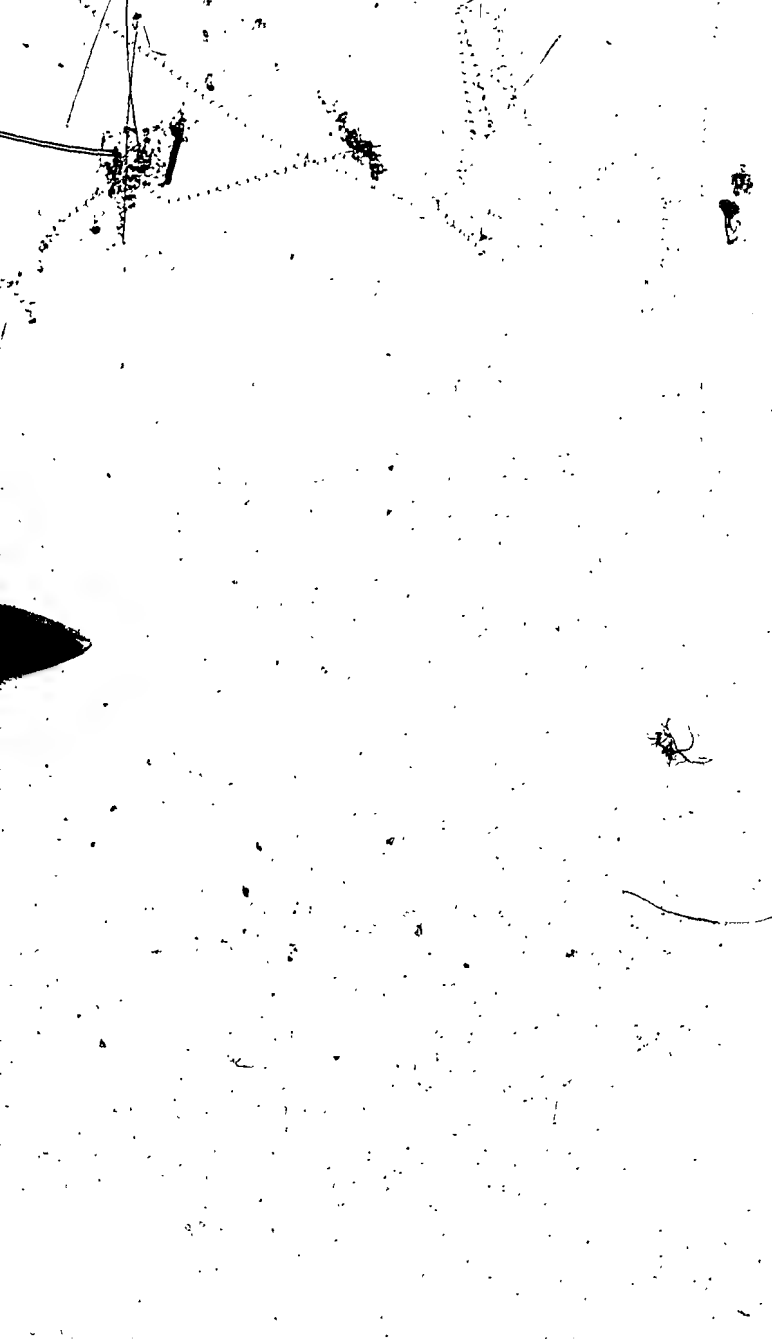
BOSTON'S FOURFOLD STATE

There was another John Matheson, a settler, who lived to the ripe old age of ninety-four, retaining his faculties and physical activities to the end of his days.

When age had debarred him from more strenuous employment, it was his custom to chop wood for the family requirements. When, wearied by the monotony of this exercise, his favorite recreation consisted in reading from a theological volume entitled *Boston's Fourfold State*, until drowsiness overcame him. He would then carefully place a marker in the volume, and pushing his spectacles back on his forehead, compose himself for a nap in his easy chair. Noting this habit, a mischievous youngster of the family one day undertook to move the marker, which he placed nearer the front of the book, and, finding that the trick remained undiscovered, he continued to repeat it for several days. A friend, coming to visit the old gentleman, remarked to him: "I see, John, that you are still reading *Boston*. Do you never tire of him?" "Ah, no," was the reply. "I think he iss a wonderful writer, whateffer, but I have one fault to find with him. He repeats himself too often."



LOUIS RIEL



WHO HANGED RIEL?

At the time of the first Riel rebellion, which took place in Manitoba in 1869-70, the Hudson's Bay Company were owners of a large ranch on the eastern shore of Lake Manitoba near the present townsite of Oak Point. From a large herd of cattle on this range was supplied the fresh meat for their northern trading posts. The ranch was in charge of a cowboy from Montana by the name of John Henderson. He was a large powerfully-built man, and an adept with both rifle and lariat.

Riel could not overlook this tempting source of supply for the commissariat of his little army and sent out a lieutenant with some half-dozen men to bring the cattle in to Winnipeg. On their making known to Henderson the purport of their presence at the ranch, the latter retired to his shanty and reappearing with a loaded rifle in his hands, proceeded to depict in picturesque Montanese just what would happen to any party who would attempt to move a hoof from the ranch without a written order from the owners, the Hudson's Bay Company.

The rebel soldiers were nonplussed, as they had not anticipated resistance and had no direct instructions to use force. After a consultation, they decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and that they should report back for further instructions.

On finding his authority flouted, Riel flew into one of those uncontrollable rages for which he was noted. Calling a captain of his force, he instructed him to take twelve men and proceed without delay to bring in the cattle, by force if necessary, and Henderson himself, dead or alive.

Knowing the determined character of their man, they timed their arrival for the early morning hours. Lying in wait around his shanty, they pounced on their unarmed victim on his appearance and bound him securely. They then proceeded to round up the herd and, with Henderson in tow, set out

on their return journey. After having proceeded some ten or twelve miles, one of the party started a discussion as to the probable fate of their prisoner. The shooting of the royalist Scott had made a profound impression throughout Canada and the likelihood of Henderson sharing his fate at the hands of their impetuous leader could presage only a further bedevilment of their position.

A consultation was held and it was agreed that the wise course would be to release their prisoner and agree on a concocted story that he had disappeared on their approach to the ranch and that they had been unable to locate him.

On Henderson being unbound and set down on his feet, he proceeded to relate in the most fluent oath-bound cowboy style the hideous lapses that had occurred in the genealogy of the Riel family. The last words to reach the ears of his erstwhile guardians were a panegyric on the fate of cattle thieves as follows: "You tell that blankety-blank skunk of a Riel that my name is John Henderson and that I'll live to hang the blankety-blank sneak thief."

Strange, indeed, as any fiction was the sequel to the threat of the outraged cowboy.

Many years had passed and on the collapse of the second Riel rebellion in Saskatchewan, the ill-fated leader found himself confronted with the death penalty for treason, and the dread rope of the hangman. Owing to Regina, where the trial had been held, being located in the unorganized North West Territories, a change of venue was necessary and charge of the execution was placed in the hands of my old friend, Colin Inkster, then head sheriff for Western Canada.

Inkster had been a member of the Manitoba Council, of which Riel had been Secretary, consequently he knew intimately not only Riel but his whole family connection.

In the small isolated community, he had never been called on to carry out the law excepting in respect to minor

offences. He is a man of a very humane and kindly disposition and the duty devolving on him was, consequently, of a very disagreeable and almost impossible description.

With a very faint hope that someone in the little settlement might be induced for a good consideration to act as deputy for him at the obnoxious performance he inserted an advertisement in the local paper offering a suitable reward to any qualified person who would do so. You may imagine his delight to find a response in the person of a husky specimen of the cowboy type. His delight, however, quickly evaporated when his applicant, for it was none other than Henderson himself, incautiously related as the reason for his action some of the particulars above related. The sheriff found himself compelled to decline acceptance, pointing out that matters of a personal nature could not be permitted any leeway in what was a state function.

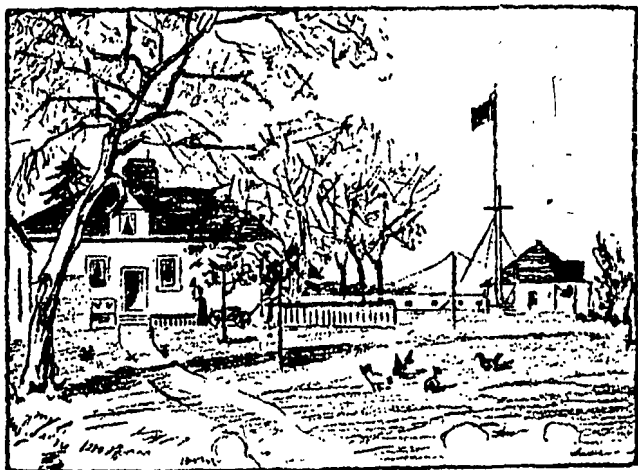
Henderson was, however, most insistent, pointing out quite correctly that he was the only experienced and qualified person in the community, not excepting the sheriff himself, who was capable of carrying out the gruesome performance without a hitch. Which, to say the least, sounds somewhat paradoxical.

The harassed sheriff finally agreed to obtain legal advice in the difficulty and consulted two legal friends, both of whom rose later to very high standing in their profession, one, our informant, and the other the late Chief Justice Howell of the Manitoba bench.

Still another conference was held and it was agreed that if Henderson could prove his proficiency it would be a wise and humane action to make use of his services. All parties were so effectually bound to silence that nearly forty-five years have elapsed before the name of the hangman was known to any but these four. By this date the matter has become merely an historic episode although, owing to how faithfully the parties kept faith with each other, it has never appeared in any historic record of the province.

On Henderson giving an almost uncanny display of control of the lariat, especially in regard to the application of the fatal noose, he was commissioned to carry out the actual execution of the law. This he performed with the promptness and despatch learned in his early cowboy experiences in the Western States.

There is little room to doubt the statement of our narrator—"I have not the slightest doubt but that Henderson, on the dread march to the scaffold, revealed his identity to the unfortunate Riel and reminded him of the unwritten law of the West and its unfailing application to the horse-thief."



LOWER FORT GARRY IN YE OLDE DAYS



LOWER FORT GARRY

Oh, ye grim towers and grey decaying walls!
Scarred veterans of the swift returning years,
Thine eyes behold with wonder and with fears
These massive masonries and sullen falls.

Thine ears are unaccustomed to the din
Of throbbing engines, listen all in vain
To hear the music of the mighty plain
Across the distant marshes drifting in.

* * * *

Are these thy waters Old St. Andrews?
These, thy merry rapids, once so clear and bright,
Filling with rapture all the moonlit night,
The summer days with tuneful melodies?

Hast thou forgotten how the birch canoe,
Silent as some deep shadow in a dream,
Would'st glide along the bosom of thy stream,
As swift and daring as her dusky crew?

Hast thou forgotten all the mirthful tunes
That rippled from thy lips among the reeds,
While wave on wave in dancing light succeeds,
And mirrors back a million little moons?

* * * *

But now the music and the dream is gone.
The silver aspen, shivering in the breeze,
Only the sullen barge or steamer sees,
Thy sluggish, unresisting depths upon.

So Memory, moving midst the distant years,
Recalls again each cherished scene forgot;
With reverent finger marks each sacred spot,
And, lingering still, sheds unaffected tears.

OLD KILDONAN

As we sped rapidly along the boulevard, listening to the drowsy hum of the smooth-running motor, the wife repeated again her time-worn comment on our present mode of locomotion as compared with the Red River cart, in whose depths, "scented with the breath" of new-mown hay" we had wiled away the slow-moving miles on so many a sultry afternoon in the days of a far-distant childhood.

It is in vain that the mind strives to accustom itself to the familiar sign of "Kildonan" on the swaying street-car that rushes to meet us through the rich lanes of elms that line Broadway Boulevard. The conception is too incongruous, and the name only serves to conjure up a flood of memories entirely out of keeping with the turmoil and traffic of the throbbing city.

Now we have left behind the long lanes of lofty banking houses and business blocks, that seem to soar higher and yet higher with each succeeding year, as if striving to maintain a lighthouse vision over the rising floods of commerce that sweep ever onward to the limitless seas of the plains.

A swift spin of rubber-coated wheels and we have turned eastward along Luxton Avenue to face the large, modern school also named after the founder of the Free Press.

Yes, right here where the school stands is the exact spot where stood the log cabin of devout old grandpa Hugh Polson and grannie Janet, gone these how many years to their long repose.

Ages and ages ago it seems, as we stand there in the bright Autumn sunlight, that a tiny boy and his little brother and sisters cuddled and wiggled at the feet of their parents, snug under the warm buffalo robes in the front of the cariole, and listened to the jingle, jingle of the sleigh bells as good old Bill and Bessie flew over the smooth river road until, after endless guesses as to just how far we had come, we

were suddenly wakened to be hustled, moccasins, capots and all, into the warm kitchen, fragrant with the odor of plum-pudding and roast turkey.

Yes, indeed, those were the days of real Christmases and New Years, of feasting and dancing, when the dishes were scarce off the supper table before the fiddle began to twang and whine in protest of the long-drawn-out tuning process. How the dancers did pirouette and weave in and out of the mazes of money-musk or Red River jig, until the swift, free-footed moccasins scarcely seemed to touch the floor in the final frenzy of the Highland fling.

What a contrast to the shivering shimmy or the disjointed squirmings of a Charleston, shuffled to the rag-time jazz of a cake-walky orchestra.

But, we must away, and with "something strangely missing," not the motor this time, thank heavens, we turn northward through the windings of Matheson's grove. Not a vestige remains of the old Indian burial ground with its curiously latticed fence and strangely decorated mounds of earth, of the signs and charms to frighten away evil spirits from the pathway of the departed to the wigwams of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

In the idiom of a well-known cartoonist, "Wonder what the spirit of a departed Indian thinks about" when he returns to find not a relic of the heroic past that sheltered the haunts of the buffalo and the beaver amid his native wilds.

Still northward, catching glimpses of the quiet river, clear as a mirror, through the tall poplars and elms. We do not turn aside but, as we pass the old Inkster homestead, our thoughts turn back to distant tales of one terrible tragic day when, on a blood-stained plain, the silent form of the brave but reckless Semple lay, surrounded by the white, drawn faces of his massacred followers upturned to a pitiless sky, scalped and mutilated beyond recognition by the still more pitiless hunting-knife of the bloodthirsty No'-Wester. What

an orgy of brutality and in what a despairing frame of mind did the remaining members of the little community pack their few belongings into their shallow canoes and dugouts as they were again driven from their hard-won homes to face anew the perils of the northern wilderness.

* * * *

We pass in silence the few remaining dwellings of bygone days, hemmed in on every hand by crowding streets, and enter the shades of Kildonan Park with its beautifully undulating swards of green and come to the banks of the old Templeton creek. Gone are the Indian tents and the brown-faced Indian lads with whom we spent our Saturday holidays, roaming with bow and arrow through the tangle of grey-willow and hazel-nut bushes in eager quest of duck or pigeon. A pretty little modern bridge has supplanted the two tree trunks from whose side our bare feet dangled many a wondrous noon as we watched eager-eyed every slight movement of the cork that rode the brook so lightly above the tempting bait. How frantically we strove to land each wary nibbler and when their hungry hour had passed and they had given up the unequal struggle, how madly we rushed homeward and with what pride did we display our long silver string of golden-eyed beauties.

* * * *

As we approach the scene of the old farm home a slight film blurs the eyesight. Street-cars and sidewalks, a huge modern "Rescue Home" and the steep embankments of the Bergen cut-off with its imposing span of steel, supporting seemingly endless trains of heavily-laden grain cars, appear more like some phantasmagoria of the imagination than actual realities crushing out all the peace and quiet of bygone evenings, when the tinkle of the cow-bell on prim old Bossie led the herd back to the security of the pole-encircled barnyard. The house, the barns, the trees and even the fences and potato patches have all disappeared, but somehow

we cannot but feel grateful that as yet only the fascinating golf links have actually encroached on the old farm. Many a time and oft, as we have coaxed the tantalizing little white pill toward the elusive cup, have we turned with a feeling of companionship to the huge trunk of the immense elm, "the big tree" as we invariably called it, that still rears its lofty branches in scorn of the buffets of Time and seems a thing apart from the frailty of man and his puny efforts to train the giant forces of nature to his will.

* * * *

And now we are at the old church, whose every stone speaks of the days when our fathers gathered them one by one from Stony Mountain, twelve long weary miles by slow-moving ox-train, and shaped and fashioned them into the sacred walls that sheltered the stiff pews and the lofty old-fashioned pulpit from whose depths dear old Doctor Black strove so valiantly to point out the perils of sin and the long hard road that leads to the seats of the blessed. We are not in love with the modern heavily-stained windows that somehow appear garish in contrast with the stately simplicity of the massive edifice. Outside are all the erratic windings and leaning tombstones of a country churchyard, rows on rows of Mathesons, Gunns, McKays, Frasers, McBeaths, Bannermans and Polsons, with here and there the names of some "foreign fowk" who had come to the end of the long pilgrimage in this quiet haven of rest. Here among a long row of Hendersons is the small stone erected to the memory of our great-grandparent, Samuel Henderson, whose body was never recovered for Christian burial, but who was supposed to have been killed by a passing troupe of drink-maddened Indians, a rare exception to the friendliness shown by the Redman to pioneers of the settlement.

We pass over to the low stone schoolhouse, now dignified by the name of Nesbit Hall. No longer do the walls resound to the cry of "Anti, anti, over," as the rubber ball came bounding down the sloping roof and we rushed

eagerly round the corner in hopes of catching some unwary urchin of the "other side." Happy irresponsible days enough to the freckle-faced youngster seated in the second last row, scanning feverishly the morning lesson in hopes that a rather too facile memory would tide him over the dreaded half-hour when his class would be called to the front. No, Sandy my lad, a little more attention to homework and you would not go up with so rapidly beating a heart when stern old Doctor Whimpster arrived on his regular tour of inspection. You would not be gazing so blankly at the ceiling for inspiration, nor joining so regularly in the monotonous reply of "No teacher" as the grey-willow wand pointed remorselessly from member to member of the class, emphasizing the futility of the hopeless question, "Can you name for the Inspector the natural products of the island of Tobago and describe its principal characteristics?" Little booted that strange freak by which the answers came so readily to your mind as you returned shamefacedly to your seat, vowing more firmly than ever that, if you ever, ever grew up, which somehow seemed almost an impossibility, you would hie with your favorite chum to the seclusion of some cocoanut-laden island of the tropics, where, Robinson Crusoe fashion, you would idle away the hours far from the maddening questions of a tormenting school teacher and a still more inquisitorial inspector.

Little did you dream of the fate awaiting you in the person of a lady principal of a city school and that all your fiery dreams of becoming a crusader or a battle-ship sailor at the least would be quenched in the cold-blooded routine of a bank office.

* * * *

The musical piping of a meadow-lark drew us outdoors and we wandered down to the familiar banks of the old stream. Many years have passed since the long rows of logs have disappeared from the sloping sides of the Frog Plain, but as a flood of recollection swept over us, we could almost feel the rounded shapes of the logs beneath our moccasined

feet as, pole in hand, we raced with our companions over the slippery surface, tiny voyageurs on the sea of life, chasing out from their lairs myriads of the great green-backed frogs that squatted in the damp recesses of the crude lumber yard.

At the Spring breakup, the sullen roar of the ice pack quickly brought to this vantage ground the farmers from the neighborhood intent on rescuing from the boiling waters the logs set adrift from the broken lumber booms. These were drawn up in rows on the bank and left scrupulously to be reclaimed by their rightful owners. How we children shrieked in excitement as the huge masses of ice shoved their fellows up on the bank, only to subside again into the swirling waters or shiver to pieces with the crashing noise of huge plates of crackling glass! Ever and again like some gigantic salmon a smooth shining log would leap upward, impelled by the tremendous force of the submerged ice or glide swiftly past through open spaces, resembling long silver needles racing downward to the sea.

* * * *

The early Autumn evening was drawing to a close, and with a farewell glance down the long bleak north trail whose weary miles we had trod so regularly to Thompson's store to bring groceries for the family requirements, we turned our faces cityward.

Very cautiously we guided the auto down the bank and onto the ancient ferry, that still creaks and groans as it shoulders its way spasmodically against the slanting current toward the heavily-wooded eastern shore.

Down to the right by the river nestles the cottage to which we brought our young bride so many summers ago. The narrow cinder trail over which we sped to work, head and shoulders bent low over the handle-bars of our faithful "bike," is replaced by a granolithic walk, the deep-rutted mud of the main road is supplanted by a wide street of gravel and asphalt, but not even the monotonous plots of

- the ubiquitous foreign market-gardeners can destroy the charm and romance of the old settlement. Wherever her name is spoken, deep in the hearts of her widely-scattered sons and daughters is a glamor and a warmth in the recollection of the olden days and the kind-hearted though stern-visaged Highlanders, who pioneered on the banks of the Red River in Old Kildonan.

MANITOBA

Oh, faint and low and like an evening hymn
On some dim organ, moved by unseen hands
Within a hidden chapel, come again
The half-forgotten stories of the plain.

Like far-flung leaves upon an Autumn gale,
Wind-blown to every corner of the world,
The scattered fragments of the stories fall
From our forefathers:—Sieur de la Verandrye,
Whose spirit stirs whenever a restless soul
Puts forth into the pathless wilderness;
The fearless factors of the frozen north—
Grim guardians of the wild, who day by day
Outbraved the daring Indians, tales of these,
The haughty Blackfeet and the subtle Sioux,
Or the lone Bungy by the silent shores
Of those slow-moving rivers of the north,
Where the low ripples of the birch canoe
The slim grey-willows musically woo.

Too soon forgotten are the stirring names
That crown the memory of those early years,
Simpson and Semple, Tache and Riel,
McKenzie, Cuthbert Grant, Sir Donald Smith,
That shrewd old Scottish statesman, Scott and Black,
Lord Wolseley, Schultz, and foremost of them all,
Our own Lord Selkirk, at whose splendid name
Our Scottish heads are bared in reverence:
His was the faith and purpose made us thine,
Dear Manitoba, guardian of the west,
The haven of the soul's divine unrest.

Born in thy bosom at thy natal day,
My life is thine. I feel within my veins
Thy hopes and fears. I know thine ardent dreams.
As one twin brother to another turns,
I turn to thee my Manitoba,
Love thy poplar vales and quiet streams,
Thy tranquil meadows love and flowery plains;
I know the wonder of thy lakes, and when
On eager eyes thy far horizons shine,
The grandeur of thine open spaces fills
My soul, I feel thy sunsets burn, with thee
Await the dawn on thy far vision gleams,
Illumines and inspires thine ardent dreams.

Heir to the wisdom that the ages bring,
Endowed with all the energy of youth,
Truly to thee the gods are offering.
The gifts of greatness—Liberty and Truth.

Reaching strong hands to grasp the gathering years,
She binds within one bond her various breeds.
On every brow she brands the emblem "Hope,"
And gives to each an opportunity.
Nor cares nor fears can triumph over these,
Filled with the ardor of her industries.

2

MANITOBA

Proven of valor and of dauntless worth,
Turn thee again to thine ennobling birth.
Seek ye the inspiration of your sires.
Their Jesu from the very ground suspires.

In lofty virtue and in faith sublime,
Turn, turn again the forward wheel of time.
Spin ye the woven web of industry.
Bend to the muses nine the adoring knee.

The winged gifts of Art and Science woo;
With eager feet the gleaming grail pursue,
Till on the radiant heights thy race be won,
And thine uplifted eyes behold the sun.

And as thy sires so thy sons shall be,
Strong and reliant, vigorous and free,
Dear Manitoba, through the coming days
God keep thy soul In purity always.

THE CHURCH BELL

It is a custom established by the Scottish pioneers of Kildonan that at funerals, on the first sight of the cortege, the church bell is tolled some half dozen times. Thereafter a single toll of the bell is given at half-minute intervals until the procession stops by the side of the grave. It is a beautiful and impressive addition to the usual ceremony. It was also the invariable custom to uncover the head for a short time at the first sound of the funeral bell, no matter how distant the listener might be.

The peasant stands with folded hands,
And with uncovered head,
While on the ear comes loud and clear
That roll-call of the dead.

One solemn tone peals forth alone.
Thrice ten full seconds turn,
Again the bell repeats the knell
Above the waiting urn.

Afar and near the watchers hear
Nor voice of beast or bird.
The bell doth roll in awesome toll
The summons of the Lord.

Stately and slow the mourners go
Beside the darkened bier.
That wailing sound the heart hath bound
In woeful grief and fear.

The sexton stands with waiting hands.
Dust to the dust is given.
The bell doth toll the wearied soul
Its winged way to heaven.

PRAIRIE FLOWERS

The land with all the rose is red.
The starry aster rears her head,
And daisies, dipt in morning dew,
Their dainty lashes lift anew.

Under the shadow of the wood,
Where odors of the orchid brood,
The clusters of the deep pea vine
Blend with the drooping columbine.

The dainty blue-bells twist and tease,
And bow and bend to every breeze,
While hidden violets from the grass
Peep shyly at me as I pass.

I had not found one folded bloom,
When lo, a delicate perfume
Told where within the marshy dell
The tardy gentian wove her spell.

As some sweet fragrance in a dream
Comes faintly back at morning's beam,
So in my pulses seems to stir
The rapture of the lavender.

The sunflower, bending to her God,
The glory of the golden-rod,
On Autumn days, when suns are cold,
Have burnished all the land with gold.

As some great starry sea at eve
The twilight prairies I perceive,
Unfold my tent where Beauty reigns
In God's great garden of the plains.

MY LADY COLUMBINE

I roam again the idle hours
In some lone poplar shrine,
O'er-shadowed by the leafy bowers
Of berried ash and vine,
To seek the fairest of the flowers,
My Lady Columbine.

The slender stem can scarcely bear
The bowed heads, richly crowned,
That seem like nuns in solemn prayer,
Bending on holy ground—
A hushed breathing of the air,
Silent of voice or sound.

The drooping heads, that will not see
The bold face of the sun,
Who stares at them so heedlessly,
Till each faint heart is won.
I could not help but watch in glee
How worship was begun.

And, kneeling in that silent place
Of beauty and of prayer,
I lift each purple-hooded face,
So delicately fair,
And bless the gods of gift and grace
For loveliness so rare.

VIOLETS

Glad with the maddening Spring,
An idle hour I bring,
Sweet violets to sing.

Each dainty baby face,
So winsome in its grace,
Couched in the grass I trace.

No tender lady's eye
With aught of these can vie,
Caught from an azure sky.

The blue-jay, flitting through
The willows wet with dew,
Is envious of their hue.

Mayhap an angel tear
Has fallen from heaven here,
So blue it is and clear.

Swift fly the hours and soon
The purple rose shall swoon
In ecstasy of June.

The cool autumnal air
The golden-rod shall wear
And yellow harvests bear.

But all the constant way
My violets shall stay,
Companions of my play.

Emblem of years long gone,
Of happy hours withdrawn,
Spent with that cherished one.

Sweet hours wherein we met,
And loved. I wear it yet,
A faded violet.

THE DAFFODIL

The memory of the daffodil
All the long fragrant year doth fill.

What time the evening hours are tolled,
She gathers all her gleaming gold
From the sun's rays, and when the cold-
Rayed Phoebe her watch hath spent,
And morn her radiant orb hath lent,
'Mid dews she doth her flags unfold.

She is not faint nor overbold,
But in her heart a wondrous hold
Of love is stored, not meanly doled
But open, free and uncontrolled.

Her beauty breathes upon the air
The exhalation of a prayer.

Her life is brief, alas, and old,
She doth not wait to fret or scold,
But when her joyous tale is told
She gathers fast into that fold,
Whose countless hosts are in the mould.

We mourn thy golden presence gone
Thou beauteous and thou joyous one.

GOLDEN-ROD

As an apprentice to an artisan
Pours out the molten metal day by day,
To fashion baser shapes of pot or pan,
Yet strives to shape new magic from the clay;
So the young earth through Spring and Summer weaves
The lesser art, till Autumn comes, grown old,
A subtle alchemist, his sheaves brings forth—
A mass of burnished gold.



BULRUSHES

Deep in the limpid waters of the pool
They bathe their snow-white feet,
And lift their tawny heads
To greet the cattle, coming in the cool
Of evening. In their emerald beds
The green frogs chant their requiems as of old
In ancient Egypt by the loitering Nile.
The great flags drape their mantles, fold on fold,
About their lush slim stems, the while
A murmurous brook flows outward to the sea
And babbles on and on eternally.



THE LILY

Emblem of purity and endless peace,
Straight-limbed and stainless one,
The budding rose's blushes cease
Ere yet the day be done,
But thou dost stand, white robed and fair,
The clear chaste spirit of the rarer air.

Within the amber chalice of thy heart
And hallowed sanctuary
Love, vowed to chastity communes apart
In virgin constancy.

Yet from thy holy cup
The bee doth honey sup—
A sweeter nectar than the roses bear,
Or orchids, howsoever rare.



FIREFLIES

How like our little lives—
A flash of light from out the eternal dark,
Then gone again,
We know not whence or where,
Nor what the force that drives,
Only we sense the magic of the spark,
The sudden pain
Born of uncertain hope and swift despair.



PRAIRIE PUSSY-WILLOWS

All hail, little twig in your grey and your gold
First child of the budding Spring.
No leaf on the bough, be it ever so bold,
Foretells of thy bourgeoning.

The first red robin is not yet here,
Nor the first black shiny crow,
Ere you in your silver dress appear,
A blossom of sun and snow,

The leader of Beauty's lovable train,
That comes with the sunny skies,
So long in the cold grey earth they've lain,
We feared they would never rise,

But now through the wintry storms you've won,
Through the blizzard and blinding blast,
To tell that the long grey days are done,
That Summer is coming fast,

And though the rose and violet
May brighten our Summer bowers,
Yet can we never quite forget
This first fond love of ours.

GORSE AND BROOM

Gold on the skirts of the winding road,
Gold on the uplands fair,
Gold in the gorge's dark abode,
Pure gold everywhere,

The land is as rich as a miser's dream,
In a fabulous wealth untold,
And even the faintest sunlit beam
Is speckled with shining gold,

For a Midas has touched with his finger tips
Each flowering bud and tree,
And has tinted their delicate fairy lips
In an opulent fantasy.

Afar on the rocky mountains bare,
And down in the marshes wide,
Deep where the sweet blue grasses are,
And close by the rock-bound tide

They wander, the zealots of laughing Spring,
A rich-robed, riotous band.
In orange and yellow and gold they fling
A spell on the drowsy land.

BUTTERFLIES

Bright butterflies:—
Flowers that have taken life and fly
In eager flutterings
O'er spicy meadows—feathers from angels' wings,
Or flecks from out the rainbow torn
When Summer evenings
Bring balmier skies:—
Bright butterflies.

Bright butterflies:—
Daughters of dew and sun on honey staid
The live-long day,
That flirt with fairies in the forest shade
In festive play,
Sipping the liliated nectar in the glade
With faun and fay
Till stars arise:—
Bright butterflies.

Bright butterflies:—
Aerial blossoms stainless white
Or gold or blue,
Or colored softly with the rainbow's
Changing hue,
Borne out on pleasant wayward
Zephers through
A sylvan paradise:—
Bright butterflies.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Illusive songster of the Summer night,
Piping thy pearly notes so sweet and clear,
Darkness is falling, and the waning light
Lingers thy melancholy strain to hear,
Re-echoing from the hill:—
Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will.

How plaintively upon the evening air
The molten tones come floating o'er the vale.
Like chapel bells chiming the hour of prayer,
The tinkling round-de-lay repeats the tale.
Drifting across the rill:—
Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will.

The flitting fairies stay their weaving dance.
In the deep stillness, as the hours move on,
I wait all breathless, lest by veriest chance
The spell be broken and the charmer gone.
Hark, from the shadows still:—
Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will.

Some long-lost dryad, mournful of his fate,
Breathes on a tuneful reed his tale forlorn,
Cries through the gathering stillness for his mate,
Though echo only laughs his woes to scorn,
Flaunting at flute and skill:—
Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will.

Dear bird, or spirit, following in vain
Some phantom Syrinx on illusive wing;
I know the endless anguish of thy strain—
Love ever seeking, ever vanishing.
Beyond some vagrant hill:—
Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will.

RED-WINGED MARSH-BLACKBIRD

A prairie marsh, close filled with water flags,
And reaching far into the flaming west
Between long rolling ridges, overhead
A setting sun burns scarlet in a sky
Sprinkled with purple and with saffron clouds—
From out the thronging rushes pours a flood
Of rippling melody. On swaying reed
Enrapt, each warbler sings in ecstasy,
Or flits, a blood-red shaft across the mere.
The twilight lingers in the slumberous breast
Of night, enchanted with the joyous strain.
The tinkling tones are interspersed with chimes.
Ripple and trill, gurgle and piping flute
Blend, till the air becomes a throbbing song.

Not the soft fluting of the nightingale,
The pipe of thrush, the lute of bobolink,
Nor varied notes that charm a Summer morn,
When the sweet lark sings to the fleecy clouds,
And, circling near the sun, sends down her strain
Of heavenly joy, can match this melody.

And now the notes drop off, as one by one
The stars come forth, the evening shadows fade,
And over all the silent night descends.

MATINS

A blackbird pipes to the dawn
A lyric out on the lawn,
A song to the rosy sky.
It is gone. It is gone.

A robin a'tilt on the tree,
The hum of the droning bee,
A lark's shrill treble on high
Singing so free, so free.



EVENSONG

The plaint of a whip-poor-will,
A cricket chirpeth shrill,
The twilight's last faint glow
Biddeth be still, be still.

A pure white dove to its nest,
A babe on its mother's breast,
A wan moon drooping low,
Dreaming of rest, sweet rest.



WIND

Frail wanderer of the world, on viewless wings,
That haunts the souls of all imprisoned things,
Bidding the perfume of the rose's breath
Awake from death.

How far thou forest, in what hidden dells
Thou hatchest out thine old primeval spells.
The secret of the young earth's buds is thine,
Her warm Spring wine.

Softly thou drifteth o'er the spicy hill.
The fleecy clouds are garnered at thy will.
Thy breath is on the sorely parched plain
In healing rain.

Down through the dusty city thou dost come,
Dwarfing the petty clamor and the hum,
Bringing anew the joy of lake and glen
To wearied men.

Thy cooling hand is on the fevered brow.
Thy breath a healing virtue doth allow,
For the fair meadow's wealth of flowers and trees
Is thy phylacteries.

Out on the mighty ocean thou dost roam,
And the great ships come fainting, staggering home,
Chased by the legions of thy white-maned steeds
From sea-green meads.

Oh Wind, my spirit fain would fare with thee
Out on the waste, where restless souls are free,
Where never thong of binding custom clings
In all our wanderings,



Nor ever thought of care or creed is met,
Nor the corroding pangs of vain regret,
But only slumberous voices of the woods
And brooding solitudes.

Mayhap, oh Wind, in some serener clime,
Some balmy beach of coral or of thyme,
We'll find our paradise of love and song
For which we've wearied long.

REST

Daylight and labor, night and quiet rest,
The patient Master-Builder deems them best.

* * * *

Nerves still a'tingle from contentious care,
The jostling and the jangling of the crowd,
The streaming cars, the changeless city's glare,
The raucous horn, the scream of siren loud;

A slumberous twilight and one purple cloud
Low-lying in the rosy-tinted west;
From out my soothing pipe a silver shroud
Of smoke up-curved, I lie and take my rest;

Content to loiter with my silent friends
Through verse melodious or stirring tale,
And wile away the hours till evening ends
In visions of the woodland and the trail.

* * * *

Daylight and labor, night and quiet rest,
The patient Master-Builder deems them best.

SLEEP

Sleep, the companion and the comforter,
The drowsy dallier by Lethe's streams,
Who weavest in our hours idler
The real unreality of dreams.

How many invocations have arisen
To where thou sittest on thy shadowy throne,
Oh, healing Morpheus, the great physician,
Whose secret balm of life is all thine own.

In whose enfolding arms is gently borne
The fevered patient to a calm repose,
Again he feels the cooling breath of morn,
Again he scents the fragrance of the rose.

Within a pale and opalescent light,
Unknown of sun or moon or any star,
His vagrant spirit takes its transient flight
Beside the streams where the young Naiads are.

There walks with Beauty unadorned and fair,
In native charm and unaffected grace
Of maiden forms upon the buoyant air,
That drift about in dainty loveliness.

* * * *

Sleep, the companion and the comforter,
Who soothes the wearied body, setting free
The spirit as a bold adventurer
To roam the faerie fields of fantasy.

PEACE

Peace, and the foe is vanquished.
The dread of the terrible Hun,
With its vision of hate has vanished,
And God and the right have won.

The shining sword is silent,
And the armies of hate and lust
From the fields of France are driven,
Or crumbled into the dust.

But, oh, on the fields of Flanders
What rows of crosses are seen,
With the scarlet poppies blowing
Their blood-red waves between!

From the heart of the desolate mother,
From the children without a home,
From the soldier, torn and bleeding,
What message of hope may come?

Oh World, with your worn-out worship
Of the standard of gain or loss!
Pray God you may see more clearly
The crown in the lowly cross.

CANADA'S REPLY TO "FLANDERS' FIELDS"

Oh ye, in Flanders, lying low
Beneath the poppies' crimson row,
Rest in your place, for in the sky
Our meteor flag still flames on high—
A torch to meet the fiercest foe.

Ye are not dead. Your spirits glow
With faith and hope, and from them flow
Our hope, our faith in victory
On Flanders' fields.

We hear the challenge of the foe.
Of poison and of flame we know
The scourge, yet bear the torch on high,
And will keep faith with thee or die,
So, sleep in peace where poppies grow.
In Flanders' fields.

LADY CLARA—VERE De VERE

Cold as the clay from which you came,
Fair lady of the faultless name
And delicately-moulded frame;

Within thy calm unclouded eyes,
All passionless and perfect lies
The still clear light of starry skies.

Thine ancient baronetcy brings
Only the measured smile of kings;
Nor suppliant to thy mantle clings.

Where round thy downy couch should brood
The glad sweet dreams of maidenhood,
Only the cares of state intrude.

Nor suitor bold on bended knee,
Pledging impassioned vows to thee,
Thrills thee with that sweet agony.

Although no shock of worldly woes
May vex the calm of thy repose,
The shadow round the dial goes.

Too swiftly sure, ah, all too soon
Fadeth the purple rose of June
From the far heights of yesternoon!

Too soon in circling hours sublime
The even-handed clock of Time
Sees thy dark ringlets tinged with rime.

Ah, cold and callous Lady Clare,
The calculating hours beware,
That falter not, or false or fair.

That stay them only at that gate,
Where frail and friendless thou shalt wait,
Devoid of wealth and power and state.

A HOAR FROST MORNING

In eerie light how beautiful
This silent wintry morn,
The very clods, like carded wool
The sordid streets adorn.

Church spires in fantastic grace
Scale upward to the sky.
No earthly architect could trace
Their subtle imagery.

The city in enchantment stands,
Clothed in a crystal dress,
And over all the spreading lands
The silver legions press.

Methought the heavenly gates of pearl
Could not my vision greet
With fairer jessamine and beryl
Than clothes this city street.

These fabrics of the deep midnight,
Whiter than foamy spray,
Are fashioned by the pale moonlight
And shining Milky-Way.

A strange mirage of wintry land
Before the vision waits—
The distant hills draw nigh and stand
Beside the city gates.

Caught upward in a fleecy cloud
The feathery forests rise,
As some ethereal virgin shroud -
Snow-white against the skies.

The white plumes of a passing swan
Adorn the stately trees,
And every twig and branch have on-
Their ermine draperies.

The rising sun has kissed yon towers,
And all their iron bars,
New-bathed in opalescent showers,
Shine clear as emerald stars.

And now the piercing darts of heaven
In swifter flight descend.
Beauty's frail hosts are backward driven,
Her fleeting reign to end.

As fragile as a fairy's dream
They fade and melt away,
To vanish 'neath the radiant beam
Of the resplendent day.

MY LOVE A DAINTY LADY IS

My Love a dainty lady is,
And all day long in reveries
I glimpse those tender locks of hair
That nestle round her temples fair.
Blacker than any raven's wing,
The silken meshes fold and cling.

My Love a dainty lady is,
And in her eyes is all my bliss.
Beneath a brow as white as snow,
Whereon two rainbow arches glow,
More delicately pencilled fine
Than any artist can design—
Two wondrous pools, violet or blue,
That change to every shade and hue,
O'er which the languid lashes fall,
Too heavy-fringed to lift withal;
My heart doth faint to gaze on this.
My Love a dainty lady is.

Two tiny shells my lady's ears,
So small 'tis wonder that she hears,
Two tiny rows of pearly teeth,
Half-hidden in a ruby sheath,
That breathes the fragrance of the rose
When morning dew's their buds unclose—
But never rosebud can beguile
The heart as doth my lady's smile,
And never rosebud hath a kiss
As dainty as my lady's is.

My Love a dainty lady is,
And therefore tender melodies
Around her gentle form embrace
All things of beauty and of grace.
Another charm my heart commands—
The wonder of those little hands
That I shall never hold in mine,
For she is truly half divine,
And I so gross and worldly move
I dare not tread the courts of love.
Other delights do multiply
But are not for the curious eye,
And I can only sigh and pine
That these, my love, may ne'er be mine.
Yet, as the lark in morning skies
Sings to the sun his rhapsodies,
So I in praise am not remiss
Where this my dainty lady is.

MARY

Mary—of every name beloved and blest,
Sweetest and best—
Heart of my heart and love-light of my eyes,
Laughter and sighs
Are mingled with my every thought of thee.
If near we be
And thou art by my side,
Laughter will glide
Right freshly from the lips, if far,
Sighs are
My portion, and a heavy heart
A part
Of all I think or do
Till I return to you.

Mary—the name the holiest in heaven
To mortals given:—
Mary—the name the noblest on earth,
Of royal birth,
But sweeter far than heaven or earth to me
'Twill ever be,
For love's true ring hath always closely bound
Our hearts around,
And guarded all the way wherein we went
With sweet content,
So that the path hath been but as a day
Of joyous play,
Wherein thy tenderness and truth did never vary,
My Mary.

MUSIC (Excerpts)

There is a time when all the spirit's song
Is maddened by the wine of melody.

* * * *

A pibroch crieth, thrilling, mystic-tongued.
A living fire runs flaming through the blood.
~~Long-smouldering~~ passions of ancestral wrath
Are fanned to frenzy at the weird call
Of that wild slogan of the ancient hills.
On those low moans and shrill triumphant strains
Is borne the glory and the agony.
The feuds of all the centuries remain
In that long-wailing anguish of the slain.

Here love and youth and beauty dwell within
The rapture of the soulful violin.
Its liquid tones are as a string of pearls,
So richly rounded, delicately pure:—
The lark repeats its rippling melody,
The leafy woods take up the glad refrain,
And piping thrush and bashful bobolink,
In flowery copse and shady nook withdrawn,
Join in the warbling choral of the dawn.

* * * *

Twin daughters of divinest melody—
Music and Poetry, I dedicate to thee
All forms of beauty and of loveliness,
To thee all pure ethereal thoughts.
Because of thee the lily is more white,
The rose more red, the sky more clear and blue.
Before thine altars as an acolyte
I come, this joy alone to bring,
A poet's haunting harmonies to sing.

BEAUTY DEPARTED

Sleep softly flowers while the night-winds blow
Low o'er the spot where lieth Lybia's head,
Herself the fairest flower that e'er did grow,
A lily tall with lips of roses red,
And violet eyes and honeysuckle breath
Ere she became th' enamoured bride of death.

The cold-eyed bridegroom from Plutonian lair
Stole her away within his icy arms.
Jealous of beauty so divinely fair,
He froze in marble all her blushing charms.
Ye orchids let your perfumed incense rise
Above the mould where lovely Lybia lies.

Lament for Lybia all ye passioned blooms,
Ye daisies lift your puny hands in prayer
For Lybia's soul, that hourly irks and glooms,
Missing the rapture of your odorous air.
Lament your joyous Queen of Beauty fled
Where never a dahlia lifts her lovely head.

Mourn amaryllis and anemones,
Drop dewy tears upon her sacred shrine.
Ye mayflowers moan to every passing breeze
That Lybia's gone where never columbine
Nor dandelion nor nodding daffodil
Shall greet her footstep on the passing hill.

The flowers grow pale. Their blooms are wan
And languid. Loveliness doth fade,
And where the singing brooks through meadows ran,
The birds are still, their carols hushed and stayed.
The very moon has moaned away her mirth
Since Beauty has departed from the earth.

NIAGARA

Great voice of nature, thundering through the years
Stupendous volumes of immortal song,
What tragic fates, what awe-inspiring fears,
What dreaded triumphs to thy might belong,
As through the throes of unrecorded Time
Thou matchest with its force thy power sublime.

The senses deaden and the pulse grows weak
Before thine awful grandeur; while the form
That fronted Sinai's cringing mountain peak
Appears enthroned on thy tumultuous storm
Of warfing waters, pregnant from the hour
When first the rocks were smitten by His power.

Oh, avalanchine waters, where the deep
Calls to the vasty deep in clamorous tones!
Down every rocky gorge and chasm steep
The imprisoned tumult of thy travail moans;
And still thy granites, grim and battle-scarred,
Each rugged cleft and towering rampart guard.

Thou watchest with the Eternal on His throne.
To thee nor ever cometh change or rest.
The secret of the deep to thee is known;
Frail man—a broken bubble on thy breast,
God's promise in the rainbow's cheering ray,
His presence in the cloudy pillar by day.

EASE

Here barren Ease reclines in slothful pride,
Her servile minions couched on either side.
Full-throated Flattery, with apish face,
Fawns on her mistress, heedless of disgrace,
While filthy Sloth, clothed in discarded rags,
Forever in her train obsequious lags.

Before her, flagons of the choicest wine
Pour forth the fragrant virtues of the vine.
Her palms are soft. Her brow is smooth and white,
Unwrinkled by the sorrows of the night.
Idly, within her lotus-laden bowers,
She dreams away the slowly-drifting hours.

The pensive flute, the dulcet violin,
The drowsy tinklings of the mandolin
Lull her to rest and soothe her latent mind,
Oblivious to the sorrows of her kind.

Faintly she hears beyond her farthest wall
The stirring summons of the bugle-call.
In passive lethargy she views afar
The patriot legions marching forth to war.

From her luxurious couch no valor grows.
No healing virtue from her license flows.
O'er fertile lands she casts a baneful eye,
And men decay and their endeavors die;
While pale Inertia from weakness dies
And Vigor in his fretted coffin lies.

Lines from THE COURSE OF LIFE

So runs the human race—the baby born
Bears faint within its little life the tide,
The tide that ever ceaseless ebbs and flows,
And still upon its restless bosom bears
The shattered remnants of our former selves.
That still remolds and builds and tears away
The little islands in our sea of night,
Until at last we faint and disappear
Into the waste of its eternity:—
And so the silent stars swing outward one by one.

FEAR

Then wild-eyed Fear, with panic-stricken breast,
Rushed forth tumultuous and in terror spread
His fierce alarms. Before him passed a wind
That shrieked and wailed and ever shrieked again,
Unknowing, heedless of control, while dread
Broke from his bursting eyeballs. In his haste
Frantic he fled, dejected and confused.
Swift terror dragged his footsteps, shuddering,
While ghastly horrors wrapt him in a shroud
Of hateful darkness, filled with noiseless sounds
Of nameless shapes and shadows, reaching clammy hands,
That groped amid the darkness and that clung.
Here, weak-kneed Fear sank shuddering to the ground,
And fainting, fell defenceless.

TWILIGHT.

I stood alone upon a lofty hill.

The great sea rolled in thunder at its feet.

My very heart for ecstasy stood still,

Gazing afar where winds and waters meet,

To see the glories of the dying sun

Blazing a pathway to his last retreat.

Around me sailed the silver gulls and swayed

In graceful curves, wide circling one by one.

Adown the pebbly beach the children played,

Their day's short dream of rapture nearly done.

Jove's golden shield a moment hung in space,

Then dipped its mailed crescent and was gone.

Far upward flamed the purple clouds and smote

The darkening sky with swiftly crimson ray.

I heard far off a lark's clear pearly note

Piercing the silent stillness with its lay

Of throbbing gladness; watched the stately crows

In serried columns wing their homeward way.

And now I caught the twinkling of a star

Beyond a black-hulled boat, that drifting slow,

Beckoned me on to alien lands afar,

To those mysterious isles the sea-mews know,

Where mermaids sport among the coral groves,

And nymphs and piping Pans a maying go.

* * * *

The solemn moon came slowly marching on,

Gliding above a lofty mountain crest.

The loveliest hour in all the day was gone

As evening slipped away into the west.

AN APPEAL TO COLONIAL PATRIOTISM

Britons awake! 'Tis the clarion call of duty resounds to a
nobler note,

And the cry of a mother nation rings an alarm to her sons
across the seas.

Shall we stay in peace, while Britannia bows her head to
the stranger's yoke,

Or spring to the strength of a sudden manhood born, and
force the foe to his knees.

Shall she perish alone? while the sun of liberty sinks to a
fast decline,

And the rust of a wretched sabre clings to a tarnished wall.

Nay! Gather around her ye sons of a kindred line,

'Neath the gaze of a startled world, that recoils at the
sound of her bugle call.

'Twere better that echo rebound to the sound of the cannon's
roar,

And the light of a million sabres gleam in the morning air,
Than the tread of an alien host should be heard on England's
shore,

Or the sons of a race of freemen be false to the trust
they bear.

But, the strength of an unused latent power to fullness shall
come apace,
When the bond of a common cause shall be sealed in
letters of blood;
And a guard to the bulwarks of Britain's throne shall depend
on a race
That shall stand four-square to the world—her fierce
unconquered brood.

And the chain of an Empire's glory, that circles the world,
Shall be wove of a finer steel, from the anvil of living fire;
And a greater Britain shall rise and be true to the trust we hold
For a world that is groping toward the light of a grander
and purer desire.

2

'THE FOUNTAIN

How musically on the enchanted ear
The tintinabulations rise and fall
In tinkling tones, melodiously clear,
Like tuneful larks in choral festival.

The shining crystals leap into the air,
Sparkling and bright, in perfect unison—
A feathery spray, continuously fair,
And lovely as a bride with veil undone.

How soothing is this unconsumed cascade,
With its unending liquid melody,
Drowsing the senses in this peaceful shade,
Sheltered beneath this leafy canopy.

So slumberous on the languid eyelids fall
The crooning morphia of its murmurings,
Till through a misty veil there comes the call
That leads to dreamland's shadowy wanderings.

LAKE SHAWNIGAN

Amid the pines the deep clear waters lave
The smooth worn shingle and the granite rocks,
And in the softening gloom the shadows grave
The far-off shore in misty light, that mocks
The eager gaze, whose raptured orbits span
Beauty's keen grace on wild, sweet Shawnigan.

O vestal mirror of the shrouded hills!
Within thy chaste and virgin bosom lies
All swift forgetfulness of human ills,
Of worldly tumult and anxieties.
Forever doth thy pure and placid form
Absolve the sun's keen rays, the furious storm.

A spirit moves across thy slumbering breast.
The subtle muse of mystery and song
Within thy fir-clad groves shall find a rest,
And soar aloft on spreading pinions, strong
With pent desire, inspired with sudden zeal
Thy sacred rites and sagas to reveal.

The Indian lore that old Maquinna sang
In those heroic days of savage strife
Still haunts thee with its agonizing pang
Of reeking tomahawk and scalping-knife,
And in the ghostly visions of the night
Strange forms and phantoms float before thy sight.

The visions fade, the treasured memories pass,
The birch canoe and totem pole are gone,
And thou beholdest them as in a glass,
Yet still thy tranquil loveliness goes on,
And Beauty's devotees, with offerings rare,
Attend thy shrine with loving vow and prayer.

STARS

Night, and the splendor of a thousand stars
That ride triumphant with the glorious moon.
Here reels through space the blood-red flame of Mars.
There lovely Venus blazes forth her noon.
In rings of golden light, the flaming wheels
Of lordly Saturn ride upon their way.
Swift Aries o'er the vault of heaven steals,
While kingly Arct(i)urus holds his sway.

There stainless sapphires burn beyond the fold,
Serenely silent in the eternal sea
Of outer darkness, infinitely old
As Time and Fate and pangs of destiny:—
Still stoics of the cold primeval dawn,
Ere yet this puny sun were come to light—
Monarchs of mighty universes gone
Into the shades of long-forgotten night.

See deep within the hazy eastern gloom
A great star smoulders in a purple sky,
A thing of dread, to hang low o'er the tomb
Of some slain god, shorn of his deity—
Old heathen Sirius, long in Babylon
Worshipped in pagan temples, still he reigns
While shattered worlds and kings and creeds are gone
And Time alone within the vault remains.

As some celestial bird-of-paradise,
Trailing its crimson glory through the deep,
A world in flames across the heaven flies,
O'ershadowing in its meteoric sweep
The paling light of envious stars and suns,
Across whose realms its course terrific runs.

A silver cloud steals silently between
The shimmering mazes of the Milky-Way.
Like to a silken scarf, whose meshes screen
A million tangled fire-flies at play,
In dreams we tread that shining azure fold,
And on our eyes the changing star-dust falls,
Till in our tranced visions we behold
The golden city and celestial walls.

Still we dream on, while Night and Stars and Fate
Bear us through Time to where the immortals are,
Into those eons where but Love doth wait,
The one enduring faultless avatar,
Through tidal cycles of perpetual peace,
Where never fear or pain the being mars,
But still the spirit holds without surcease
Communion with the wise, the listening Stars.

THE ECLIPSE

The God of Noon hath hid his face and veiled
His golden light behind the moon's broad shield.
The day grew wan and sickly, and the stars
Came forth in wonderment to view the scene,
Standing afar and silent, like grim wolves
Sensing the death-throes of their stricken prey.
The birds drop down upon the weighted boughs
With folded wings, in mute bewilderment.
The stupid cattle gaze with vacant stare
At the unwonted heavens, with low moans
And constant lowings at the unknown dread.
Great Caesar, faithful hound, who knows no fear
Of earthly man or beast, with shamed face
Slinks to his sheltered kennel in dismay.
Here with low whines and long-drawn howl
He bays the ebon moon. Ourselves did gaze
With a new awe and reverence on the spheres
Moving in clouded majesty through heaven,
Feeling more near some fearful presence from
The unseen world around us hovering.
More weird and dark the ghostly shadows grew,
Till hope had almost vanished in despair.
Deepened the purple gloom. The reeling world
Moved fitfully about in aimless round,
When, like some phantom from the vault of night,
Across our startled vision in a pall
Of final desolation and of death,
The shadow of the Sun-God swept the land.

And now the veil of night was slow withdrawn.
The grey dawn woke, and from the orbit's rim
The fire of God ran through the firmament,
Flooding the boundless reaches of the sky.

So comes the dawn of peace in hope and joy
When the red war-god calls his legions home.
So cometh war and peace; the chill grey breath
Of death—life-giving light:—Pray God,
No more, no more shall men with maddened lips
Plunge the bright earth beneath war's dread eclipse.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

We had played golf over them all, Oak Bay, The Vale, Macauley, Cedar Hill and Colewood, the faultless "Queen of the Coast," and had returned to the intricacies of our first love, The Uplands.

The days had been bright and sunny, but somehow the clouds had always hung in the wrong places and we had only obtained a hazy glimpse of the Olympics and had not had a sight of Mount Baker. We had enquired as to its exact location, when our companion in landscape gardening exclaimed, "Why there it is now," and looking eastward we beheld it in all its bewildering glory emerging from a mass of fleecy white clouds. There it hung in the heavens more like some clear ethereal diamond than anything made up of earthly substance.

Somehow we imagine that Victorians, accustomed as they are to the sight of so many beauty spots, do not appreciate to the full the unusual splendor of Mount Baker and the Olympics.

Approaching the mountain ranges from the prairies, with the exception of unusually clear days, the effect of their majesty is diminished by the gradual ascent until the traveller, arriving at their base, finds himself many hundreds of feet above sea level, which naturally detracts from the appearance of height and the awe inspired by their great summits.

Here, however, they are viewed across the expanse of ocean and are seen in all the abrupt ruggedness of their grandeur. A word picture fails utterly to portray the delicate variation of light and shade that sweeps across the expanse of sea and the exquisite tinting that shines through the clouds and is reflected in ever-changing colors against the sombre background of the huge mountain ranges.

Before coming west we had taken a motor run as far east as Quebec City. The views from the citadel in this historic

site and from Parliament Hill at Ottawa cannot be forgotten, nor the delightful run from Ottawa to Montreal, where the constant succession of lakes and rapids with the range of the Laurentians in the background makes one continuous delight.

We retain a vivid recollection of the beauties of the Thousand Islands, the mighty St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, the soft luxuriant foliage of our own prairies, the desolate salt-lake districts of Montana, the towering pinnacles of the Rockies and the weird primeval appearance of the Grand Canyon, where we almost expected to catch sight of some gigantic dinosaur crashing its way across the stark chalky gorges.

None of these wonderful sights can, however, quite compare with the wide expanse of ocean and mountain range as viewed from the hilltops of Victoria, with the exception of Niagara Falls and its absorbing whirlpool, which, of course, make up one of the wonders of the world. Here again, the effect is rather a numbing of the faculties from the dread and overpowering sense of awe, and as we witnessed passengers returning from the basket trip over the rapids with white tense faces and suffering from extreme nausea, we felt that the act was being overplayed and much of the pleasure counteracted by the nervous tension involved.

Very different is the sensation caused by the appearance of Mount Baker or the Olympics on a clear day as viewed from Gonzales or Denison Hill. The surrounding panorama of hill and dale, of forest and orchard, with the city of flowers surrounded and enriched by its numerous sheltered bays, is one of unalloyed delight.

When the eye then sweeps outward from this soft vision across the wide expanse of ocean to the clear crystal snow-clad peaks, it is in very truth a dull and clod-bound soul that does not feel a thrill of inspiration and an irresistible longing to mount on eagle wings above the petty and sordid ills to which this weak flesh is heir.

Even now the sun has broken through the western clouds and the whole wide horizon of the ocean flames up into a golden molten mass of rippling, dazzling light that beggars description and we can only stand and gaze in rapture on the brilliant panorama.

A few days ago we were told by a chance acquaintance, who had been here some thirty years, that we would soon tire of scenery and views and appreciate more the material comforts of life. Well, we are not overly anxious to stick around for another thirty years in any event, and if we find our faculties failing to a point where we cannot get a thrill out of loveliness such as we view on the island from day to day, then, indeed, sic tempus oberunt.

Somehow, in our delight in the beauty spots of the island we invariably come to a point where mere prose fails us and we feel like breaking into song, or what is nearly as serious, into descriptive verse:—

For life flows on like a passing stream,
And the days go by in a dream, a dream.

A land of lovely vales and rugged hills
Clothed in the softening verdure of the pine,
Of tranquil lakes and gently murmuring rills
Bathed in the light of tender skies benign:

Where stately ships sweep inward from the sea,
And fisher fleets drift idling on the bay,
A very faerieland of Arcadie
In which to dream the drowsy hours away:

This bower of Eden, this fair paradise,
Where roses soft festoon each leafy dale,
Here circling larks sing to the balmiest skies
Their haunting and melodious madrigal.

The strident world goes by with feverish speed.
From peak to peak the swelling trumpets sound.
In ivy-laden bowers we list, nor heed
The trampling hosts that tread th' expectant ground.

Here rest in sweet contentment, oh my soul.
Here beauty dwells in flowering bud and tree.
A new aroma fills the inspiring bowl
In this fair island of the western sea.

MOUNT BAKER

Beyond the shimmering eastern light
Mount Baker's spires of stainless white.

* * * *

Across the distant and translucent blue
A stainless shaft of white its crest uprears,
Piercing the startled heavens—beautiful.

As some pure fleecy cloud that from the storm
Scales upward to the clear and glorious skies,
Its glittering snows surmount the rolling range
Of lesser heights—a thing apart and calm.

Ethereal as an evanescent dream
It stands serenely luminous, its spires,
Almost unearthly in their dazzling light,
An opalescent splendor in the sun.

And now within the veil, that for a space
Opened its flowing mantle to reveal
God's glory in the matchless firmament,
It slow withdraws into the curtained clouds.

A while we stand entranced, amazed, enthralled
By the gone wonder, overcome with awe,
Then deep within the heart a sudden faith
Rises triumphant from the lesser shades
Of spiritual longing, eye and eye,
God's image in the flaming universe,
God's presence in the everlasting soul.

THE OLYMPICS

Across the vast expanse of sunlit sea
The snow-clad summits soar beyond the skies—
Great giant diamonds glowing in the sun.
Serene within the spacious vault of heaven,
They hold communion with the wandering stars.

Far down beneath, the floating silver clouds
Infold their sloping flanks in fleecy veils
Of drifting, foamy mist. Words seem to shrink
And lose their skill in efforts to portray
The awful grandeur of these dazzling heights.

Ere day had been divided from the night,
Beyond the tidal years, ere time began
Their summits caught the vagrant wandering light
Of new-made stars. Here at their watery base
The mighty dinosaur and mastodon
Their dreadful combat joined in brutal strife.
With shrill and savage scream the winged bat—
The fierce triceratop of lizard form
Battled the clumsy plesiosaurus.
The crude young world was bathed in streams of blood.

The days were drawn into the flowing years.
The years crept on to circling centuries.
Ages and eras passed, eons had fled
Ere in the latter day frail man evolved
Slowly from out the serpent and the slime. *Saurian*
These lofty pinnacles looked down in scorn
To see the puny pigmies at their toil.

Still through the crowding centuries to come,
High o'er the storms and tumult of the world,
These crystal jewels set within the skies,
In awful pride and silent majesty
Shall bathe their images in glassy seas.

When ages cease and time shall have an end,
When frozen oceans and the barren earth
Shall feel no more within their shrunken veins
The cold rays of the waste and dying sun,
These rocky ribs and icy barriers
Shall straight re-echo back the strident sound
Of Gabriel's clarion trumpet and the shout
Of hosts arising from the crowded tomb
Of countless ages, these to their reckoning,
Some few perchance on strong exultant wing
Shall circle round the everlasting throne
And hymn the triumph of the spirit throng.

But not the bounds of hell, the heights of heaven,
Nor all the starry orbs that sweep the skies
Shall in their widest vision scarce conceive
Glories more lovely than these gems of God,
Set here within this circle of the seas,
To fill the soul with worship and with prayer.

THE CASCADES (Mountain Range)

Abrupt in rugged grandeur do they rise,
Huge granite forts, built in a giant age,
Whose rocky turrets, reaching to the skies,
And icy pinnacles with tempests wage
Perpetual warfare. From each high retort
They hurl their avalanchine terrors down
On the advancing foes, who seem to court
Their dire destruction. With terrific frown
The clouds rain down their showers of sleet and hail,
And lightnings sear the ranks with savage breath.
Ghastly and wan and luminously pale
The broken fields are covered thick with death

High o'er the shattered ranks of crimson dead
The fearful thunders roar their challenge out
From snowy crest and icy steel-capped head,
Where cedar hosts with banner and with shout
And serried spears have made their swift ascent.
Rank upon rank they rise to the attack,
And some have scaled the utmost battlement,
And some in hideous rout are driven back.

Although the mammoth builders long are gone,
From age to age the ceaseless strife goes on.

Yet have they learned the music of the spheres,
The murmurous tones of liquid melody,
The rapture of a presence that endears
Itself in dewy gem or moonlit sea,
And those majestic orbs that ever roll
Through tideless space to their uncharted goal.

And still they have some subtle sense to feel
The breathing of the rose, to catch the strain
Of Pan's still reedy piping and to steal
The rapture of the meadow-lark's refrain,
The gentle murmur of the mountain stream,
The hum of argosies of golden bees,
The moaning of the ocean's distant dream,
The whisper of the wind among the trees.

These crystal Cascades, old and wise and strong,
Have blent their echoes in one glorious song.

VICTORIA

Draped in her mantle of green and brown,
Queen of her spacious bays,
Unheeding the swift world's tragic frown,
The slow-eyed, leisurely, lovable town
Clings to her ancient ways.

A flame of gold sweeps over the sky
Where the wild Olympics range.
Their craggy crests, upreared on high,
Through tireless centuries defy
The challenge of time and change.

A sheen of silver is on the seas
In the light of the rising moon.
Beneath the quaint arbutus trees
We sip the scent of the salt-sea breeze,
Till darkness comes too soon.

Go forth ye bargainers of the mart,
Ye truckers of trade and gain.
Your greed is a pitiful thing apart.
Here in the calm of the world's great heart
Is a wealth ye may not obtain.

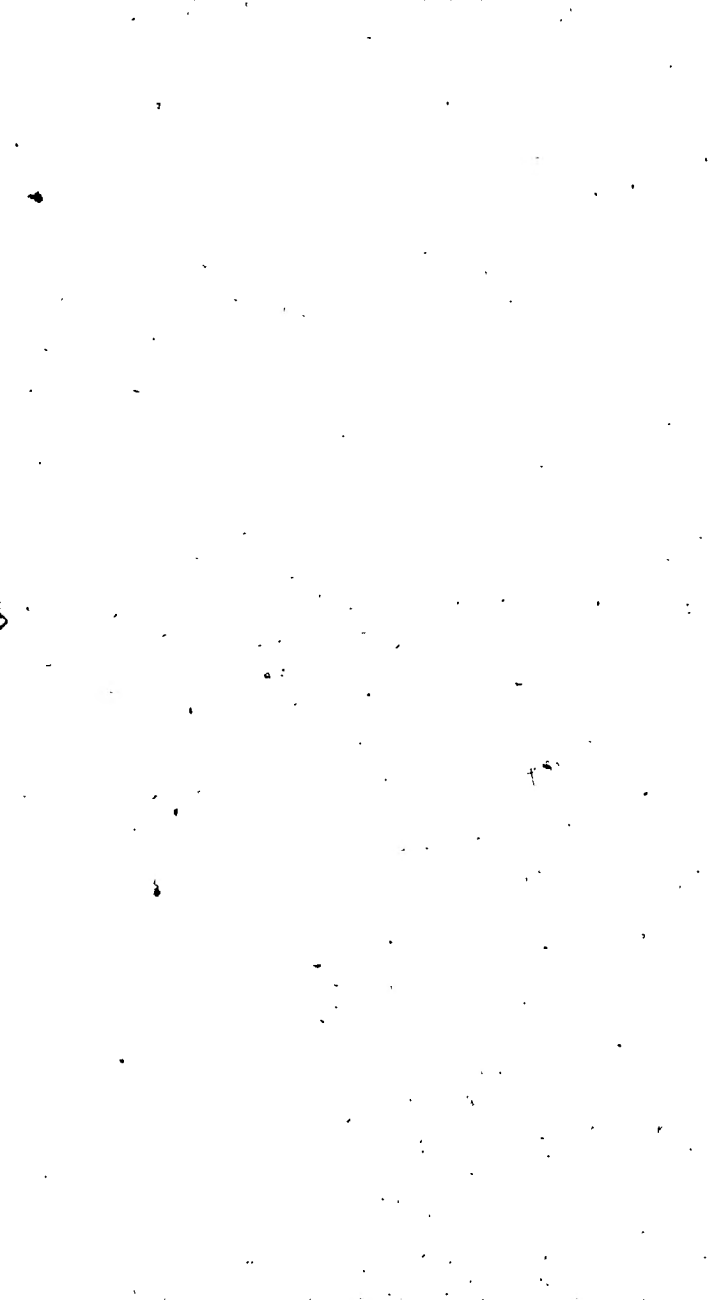
THE COMRADE SEA

All day I paced beside the restless sea,
And heard the water moaning on the bar,
The long, green billows breaking on the shore,
And sensed the kindred sea's companionship.

A storm had broken on my heart, and on
The vasty deep a mighty tempest raged.
Great Triton's horn came sounding from afar,
Mixed with the clamor of the elements.
The thunderous music broke upon my soul
And I was comforted. O comrade sea!
O mother heart, whose tidal pulses beat
In evermore unchanging ebb and flow!
Forever varying are thy human moods—
The passion and the tumult of the storm,
The folding mists that hide the beacon gleam,
The golden sunlight as a burnished shield
In far-off splendor on the rippling tide,
And when the full-orbed moon with shining face
Peeps once above the circle of the world
And gilds thy face with silver radiancy,
'Tis then, O joyous sea; I love thee most!
'Tis then on quivering nerve and wearied brain
Is poured the soothing solace of thy wine.

The graceful gull sinks to her quiet rest.
The stormy petrel pillows on thy breast,
And on the pebbly beaches sweet and long
Crooneth the gentle murmur of thy song.

All day I walked beside the restful sea.







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